

AY PARISIANS": BEAUTIFUL AND CRISP- IN THIS ISSUE

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PURITY



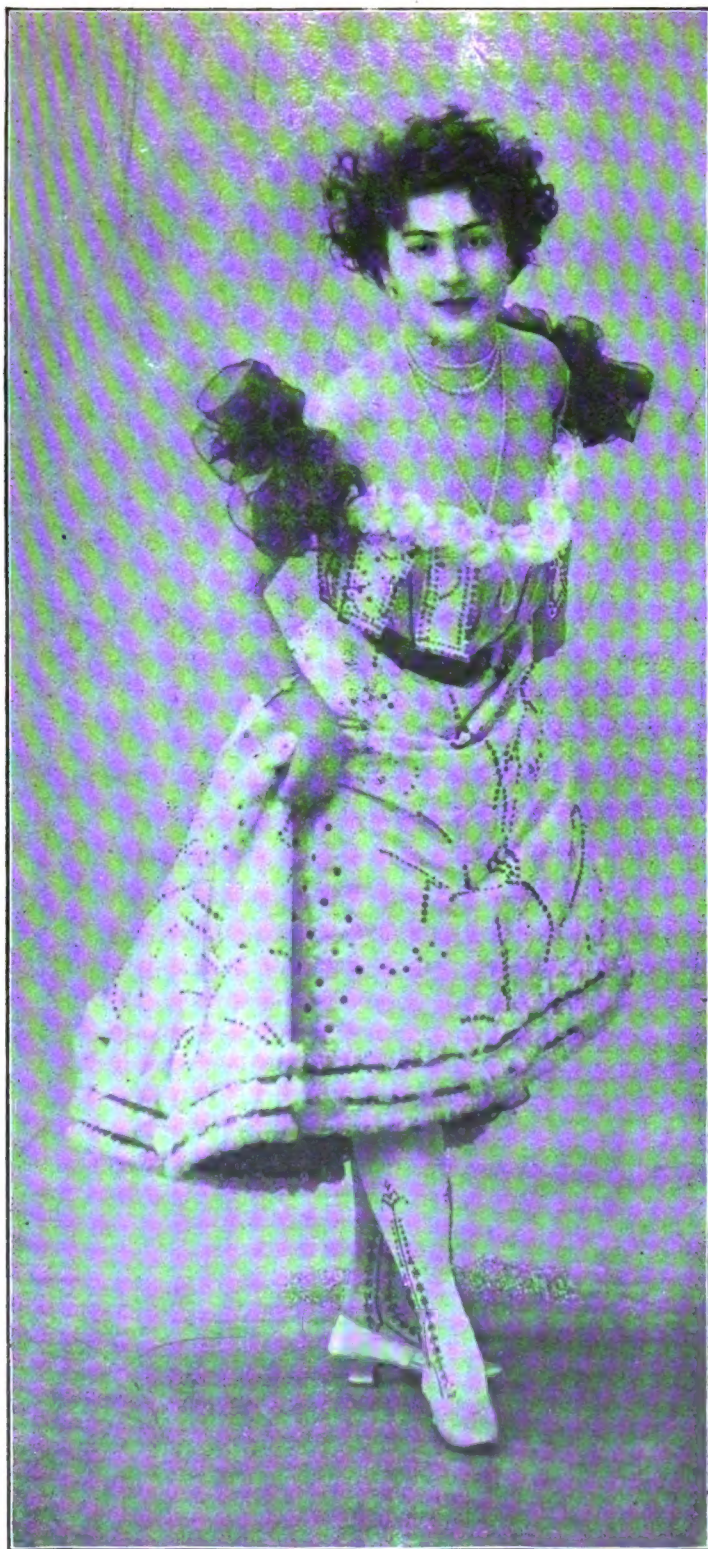
PEARS

The purity of PEARS' SOAP is such that it may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, even that of a new-born babe.—*Dr. Redwood, Pb. D., F.C. S., F.I.C.*

Established over 100 years—20 International Awards.

MDLLE
MARIE
FLAUBERT.

Photograph
by
Nadara.
Paris.



SHE
IS
PRETTY
AND
A
DAINTY
MUSIC
HALL
DANCER.



Photograph by Ogerau, Paris.

ADÈLE ROSSIGNOL.
A popular and not too clever dancer of Paris.



Photograph by Boyer, Paris.

MOLLE. BIPBEPPIER

Is the odd and incongruous name of this woman who is one of the favorite artists' models of Paris.



Photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

ALICE DE MUSSET

Who shows her teeth thusly when not singing torrid songs in Parisian music halls.



Photograph by Ellis, London.

FANCHON THOMPSON.

A beauty of the Australian stage, who will probably join one of Charles Frohman's companies next season.



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OLIVE MAY'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

THEATRICAL
POSTERS
OF
THE
SEASON.



THE
GIRL
WHO
ADVERTISES
"ON
AND
OFF"
AT
THE
MADISON
SQUARE
THEATRE,
NEW
YORK.

In the Front Row.



Copyright, 1893, by B. J. Falk, New York.

MISS GRAYCE SCOTT.



IN THE FRONT ROW.

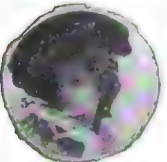
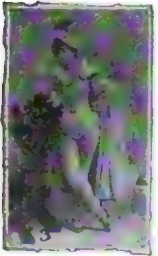
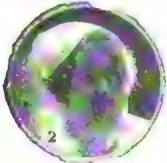
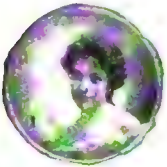
THE AMERICAN CHORUS GIRL;
WHO AND WHAT SHE IS.

By ONE WHO KNOWS.

I APPROACH the subject with awe and a fitting regard for the exactions of a discussion that might easily lead to anything, from acrimony to bloodshed. Chorus girls long ere this have been a fruitful theme of discussion by press and public, and, truth to tell, the chorus girl has earned all the publicity that has been accorded her.

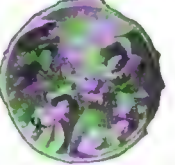
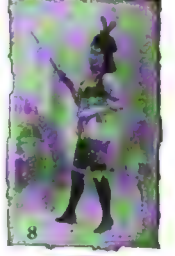
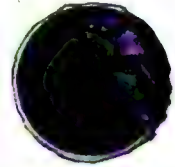
I wish it distinctly understood that I am amply qualified to talk intelligently and minutely of the merits, demerits, ambitions and general good and bad qualities of the chorus girl. The years of experience that come with the vivid life of Broadway bring with them a knowledge of such affairs as correct as it is convincing.

Don't let anybody deceive you about the chorus girl. Unlike a genius, she is made, not born. According to statistics which cannot be disputed, it takes sixteen months, two weeks, four days, three hours and two matinees to turn out a full-fledged, competent and altogether satisfactory chorus girl. It must be admitted that there are some girls born who apparently are able to jump to the very apex of chorushood with one daring leap. I have found, however, after the deepest researches into the ethics of the subject, that these interjectional phenomena do not reach their highest state of perfection even when subjected to the forcing or hothouse method under the time already mentioned. I have known individual instances, however, where the town has stood aghast with reverential though enthusiastic admiration for some sparkling bit of femininity that on first appearance has dropped into all the caprices, insinuations, archness and flippant



Copyright, 1898, by
Otto Sarony.

1, 2, 4, 5, Grace
Heyer, of "Cyrano
de Bergerac" 3,
Belle Bache.



6, Ruby Paine. 7,
Felen Louise An-
drews. 8, Marie Har-
graves. 9, From
"The Circus Girl."
10, Pauline Marr.



Copyright 1896, by B. J. Falk, New York.

MISS AGGIE VERD.



1, Effie Hamilton, Castle Square Opera Company. 2, Ella Altman, Castle Square Opera Company. 3, Georgiana Deland, Castle Square Opera Company. 4, Nora Dunblane. 5, Nan Engleton. 6, Lida Kellar, Broadway Theatre Opera Company. 7, Loretta Long, Broadway Theatre Opera Company.

coquetties of the experienced article. There is Frankie Bailey, the very leader of chorus girls. When she first made her appearance in the front row, the lights flickered, the conductor dropped his baton, the star forgot his lines, the baldheads in the orchestra took on the effulgence of carmine moons and the rest of the chorus girls were immediately consumed by a furious and unquenchable jealousy.

Miss Bailey is still in the chorus, not from force of circumstances, but from

actual choice. She goes on the principle that there is something more dazzling in being queen of the chorus than in being a two spot amongst principals. And so she goes her way affording a feast for the eye and as an anatomical diversion taking front rank as one of the world's greatest educating forces.

Then there is still another type—girls, who like Minnie Ashley, enter upon their chorus duties when in their teens, bringing to the footlights that appearance of extreme youth and utter in-



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

A GROUP FROM THE CHORUS OF "THE CONQUERERS".

nocence which always make such charming running companions. Very often one of the accompaniments to this verdant state of innocence is an eye ever kept open to the main chance. To-day Miss Ashley plays an important part with one of the Daly companies. So works the eye

And also Grace Heyer, of Mansfield's company. It seems rather difficult to associate the rigidly dignified and cordially unpleasant Mr. Mansfield with anything so utterly material as a chorus. It happens, however, that in "Cyrano de Bergerac" there are some young men and women who do nothing but fill in the background. Miss Heyer, whose face is distinctly notable, forms an important integral part of this animate whole. She is one of those young women to whom some day are given two lines to speak and who make so much of them that they finally find themselves wading through whole armfuls of type-written parts.

While specifying unusual instances in chorus girl lore, it would be decidedly bad taste and show a woeful ignorance not to say something about Helen Marlborough. It is to be regretted that it has been found inexpedient to publish a picture of Miss Marlborough. The truth is that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is barely large enough to do justice to a full length picture of Miss Marlborough. Longitudinally and latitudinally and in every other way that can be suggested by mathematicians Miss

Marlborough is the most impressive and eye-filling beauty amongst American chorus girls.

It is some few years since I first saw Miss Marlborough in tights. I can remember now that at first blush I was deluded into the belief that I was looking upon a vast concourse of women whose forms completely obscured both sides of the stage. On closer examination, however, I found that Miss Marlborough was the only one in view. But she was so spectacular, so far as general physical measurements were concerned, that the management found it necessary to constitute her an entire chorus, and thus several salaries were saved. Since that time Miss Marlborough's dimensions have amplified in a beautifully generous manner, and the last time I saw her it was hard to believe that she was only a poor chorus girl with one salary, one ambition, one bubbling, joyous nature and one appetite.

According to popular belief, chorus girls are supposed to retire at 2 A. M. and get up at 1 P. M.; to eat broiled lobster and champagne at least twice in every twenty-four hours; to affect cigarettes and puff the smoke in the manager's face; to wear diamonds and sealskins and send fifty dollars a week to the old folks at home on an eighteen-dollar salary; and, finally, to lead a light and flippant life beside which the existence of a butterfly is as soggy as an underdone biscuit.

All of which is not strictly the truth.

I have seen some chorus girls who have been known to get along for several consecutive days without so much as a single magnum and whose afternoons were not spent in a breathless search for silk stockings and expensive fur capes. I have seen, too, some that have not considered it the best policy to puff cigarette smoke into their managers' faces and to call them by their first names. Also a few others who occasionally went to bed before A. M. and who were not always on the hungry look-out for the blooming lobster when it is the brightest red.

Resorting for a moment to downright seriousness for argument's sake, I must admit I am one of those who believe that the chorus girl does not always bask in the sunshine or go frivolously through life with a tilted nose and a pert air. Here is the curriculum for some of the undergraduates in the theatrical colleges: 10 A. M., rehearsal with a disagreeable stage manager who knows his power and exercises it. Work, work, work, of the most tiresome kind of fatiguing monotony, sometimes on a stage that is as hot as an anteroom in sheol or as drafty as a cable

car in January. At 2 A. M., half an hour for lunch, in respect to which its Lucullan impressiveness depends upon the measure of the pocketbook. Then more hours of work, screeches from the stage manager, execrations from the star, if he happens to be that kind, and he often is; at six o'clock, dinner and back to the theatre again at seven for the evening performance. Now just imagine, if you can, after all this careless, idle day how long it would take a girl to choose between

a rollicking late supper and a soft caressing bed? Fatigue of this kind leaves no fine discrimination for roast clams and a small bottle.

And so it goes with the chorus girl. If she is light-hearted and happy, so much the better for her. If she is downcast and heavy-eyed, so much the worse for her. Neither condition proves that she is any better, worse, happier, sadder, prettier, uglier or essentially different in any way from the hundreds of thousands of other girls who do not earn their living on the stage, and who, therefore, are to be

thoroughly congratulated.

R. B. H.



Photograph by Ye Rose Studio, Providence, R. I.

MISS HELEN ERWIN.

HARD ON HIM.

COACHMAN—I am going to leave, sir. I can't stand the missus.

EMPLOYER—Too strict, is she?

COACHMAN—Yes, sir, she keeps forgetting that I can leave at any time, and worries me about just as if I was you.

SIMPLY GREAT.

"Whom do you consider the greatest inventor of the times?" asked the woman.

"My husband," answered the other.

"Why, I didn't know he ever invented anything!"

"You should hear the excuses he gives for coming home at two in the morning."



AFTER THE THIRD BOTTLE.

A quiet and unimportant moment at a public holiday ball in Greater New York.

(From a charcoal sketch by the rising young artist, Algernon Poughington de Albemarle.)

The Red Sourette Interviews Augustin Daly



SA-AY, I've done it. That is, I've done Gus; you know—A. Daly.

Don't let Willie Winter or Charley Meltzer or Frank Fyles or Freddie McKay tell you it's impossible. They've all failed and may be jealous of poor little me's success.

I will tell you how it was. Says the editor to me: "Sou, go and interview Augustin Daly. Ask him all about Cyrano and things. Do it even at the cost of your nerve. Go on; skip!"

Now, you know I don't like to have editors talk to me that way. I am just as independent as Jessie Wood or Winnie Black, even though they're smarter than I am. So I was just about to show that I was a poor unpurported little loidy and tell him to go chase himself, when I happened to think that every other man, woman and child on the New York papers had tried the same thing, and the editor thought he'd be fresh and see me thrown down.

"I'll fool you, my old Gazabo," says I to myself. And I did.

I left the fifth story of the Townsend Building and in seven minutes I was in front of Richard Dorney's desk in the office of Daly's Theatre.

"Mr. Dorney," says I, "I've come to interview Gus and I'll not leave till I do," and I dropped my lunch-basket on his desk and took out my knitting.

Mr. Dorney gasped. Then he turned three handsprings, mopped his brow with the floor rug, and after taking three long sniffs of my suelling salts balted in front of me.

"Gus! Interview!" he screeched. "How dare you!" and in his anger he broke a chair over his arm and shoved his fist through a door panel.

"That's all right, my boy," says I. "Don't disturb yourself. I'll just hang around and won't bother you."

At that moment there was a commotion outside. The clock struck fourteen. A cable car ran into a policeman, and a hand-organ struck up "Oh Gee, Gee, Hully Gee!"

Gus had arrived.

I didn't waste any time. I just made a dash for the next room. The door was locked, bolted and barred. But transoms have some use. It took me twelve seconds by my diamond-studded chronometer to draw up a chair and peep in over the top.

"Ah, there, Gus!" I said cheerily to the studious-looking gentleman at a desk.



"An interview or your life."



"Over I climbed."

Truth compels me to admit that he didn't seem glad to see me. But over I climbed and playfully pointing a revolver at him, I said cordially: "An interview or your life." In another minute I was puffing cigarette smoke all over the place and making myself at home.

A. Daly opened.

"I haven't anything to say about anything, I haven't any positions open, and you'll have to see Mr. Dorney."

"Let's talk it over, Gus," says I.

He didn't enthuse for a cent.

"Who wrote *Cyrano de Bergerac*?" I asked just to make him feel that I was dying for his wealth of knowledge.

"*Cyrano! de Bergerac!*" settling down at last. "Lemme see. Oh, you mean that piece which I have adapted and which Dickie Mansfield was nasty enough to produce ahead of my schedule. Who wrote it! Some chap over in Paris named Rostang had something to do with it."



"Puffing cigarette smoke all over the place"

and I'm really afraid that my dear friend, Willie Winter, will be so pleased that he'll be simply tickled to death. Then, who would be left to criticise my productions?" and he looked real worried.

At that moment a boy came in with a handful of cards and handed them to Gus.

"A fellow named Shakespeare is hangin' around outside," says the boy.

"Show him in," says I, to show that I felt at home.

"But wait a minute," says Gus, looking over the cards. "Tell Whitelaw Reid and Bill Hearst and Jim Bennett and Joseph Jefferson that I'm busy, and to come around again in a couple of years. I may let them ask me about my new play then," and he smiled with his face

A lean, lank chap, with a bunch of asparagus around his neck, came in.

"I'm Shakespeare," says he.

"Hello, Bill," says Gus.

"How's things?" says I.

"See here, Bill," says Gus. "I'm getting tired of your way of doing business. You promised not to



"How's things?" says I.

Then he wrote something with a stub pen.

"Just making a few notes for dialogue for a new piece called 'Hamlet,' which I have just written. Miss Rehan will play the title rôle," he said, in a boyishly happy way.

"Rehan! Rehan! Who is she, Gus? A new discovery?" says I.

Sa-ay, I thought he'd faint. After I threw a little red ink in his face, he revived.

"By the way," says I, getting back to the original subject, "What do you think of Mansfield's *Cyrano*?"

"Well," says he, "it's not so bad. In fact, it's nearly half as good as Miss Rehan's *Roxane*. But you should hear another new play I have written. I have called it 'Daly's Shakespeare, or Who Cooked His Bacon?' Charles Richman will play *Juliet*, Miss Rehan will essay *Cesar* and Mr. Dorney will impersonate me. It will be a wonderful performance



"It looked like the promenade deck of an ocean steamer."

bother me again until 1999, if I wouldn't make *Ophelia* a Cuban girl in love with Richman. Now, what do you want?"

Bill looked worried.

"Oh, nothin' much," says he, "only I met a man named Francis Bacon, and he called me down before all the shades and says I was a fake. I want you to testify that I'm the real thing and——"

"Don't be a fool, Bill," says Gus. "Bacon is a bluff. Everyone knows who wrote Shakespeare. I did."

Bill didn't smile the slightest bit. "Ah, well," says he, "what's the difference, anyhow? I forgot to copyright my plays, and even Charles Hoyt can call them his, if he wants to. What 't'ell!" and he sneaked through the keyhole.

"Sa-ay," says I, to keep up the conversation, "Jim Ford tells me you have a new hat. Let's see it, will you?"

He went over to the safe in the corner and brought out a small trunk. From this he took a hat. It was great. It looked like the promenade deck of an ocean steamer.

"It's fine," says I. "But it seems to me to be rather large."

"Oh, that's all right. I had it made to cover the Bryan platform."

I didn't know what he meant, so I lit a cigarette, put my feet on his desk and began to snore.

"Perhaps, if I make you tired, you'd better get out and give me a chance," says he, pulling the chair from under me in a courteous manner.

"Sa-ay, Sou," says he, "don't you dare tell a word I've said." Then says he, "And don't forget to say something about my new play 'Hamlet,' will you? Well, good day, but don't say a word."

"So long, Gus," says I, holding out my hand. "When I want a job I'll come around to see you."

"All right," says he. "I'll have a vacancy in about nineteen years. Come around then and I'll tell you when to call again."

"Thanks horribly," says I.

Then I climbed over the transom. Mr. Dorney was in the hall.

"I've been waiting to hear something drop," says he. He looked scared. "How did you find the Presence?"

"Well, I've interviewed him," says I, "and I'm going to tell all about it in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE," and I laughed wickedly.

"Send me twelve thousand copies," says he. "I want to read every one of them."

A. Daly is all right. But I'll bet he'll never forget

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

P. S. Next month I'll tell you all about my experiences with another of Broadway's great men.

A FEW NEW YEAR DON'TS.

Don't eat—pie.

Don't drink—too much.

Don't smoke—cheap cigars.

Don't lie—too late in bed.

Don't swear—at a bigger man.

Don't play—with a poor hand.

Don't chew — what's called the rag.

Don't have any rows with the janitor.

Don't get intoxicated the day before.

Don't lose your temper at the telephone.



Photograph by Falk, New York.

MAY LAMBERT

And the wink which has brought her into prominence in connection with "On and Off" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

Don't deadhead your way into the teayer.

Don't be a Guggenheim-ered fool, if possible.

Don't go out nights more than six times a week.

Don't waste your time fighting the gas company.

Don't begin business on the 2d with a sour face.

Don't fail to buy the BROADWAY MAGAZINE each month.

Don't talk all the time. Give other people a chance.

Don't sit the old year out too long into the new one.



MISS BARRISON IS REFLECTING ON THE BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY OF HER NATURE.

(From photograph by M-ltzer, Vienna.)



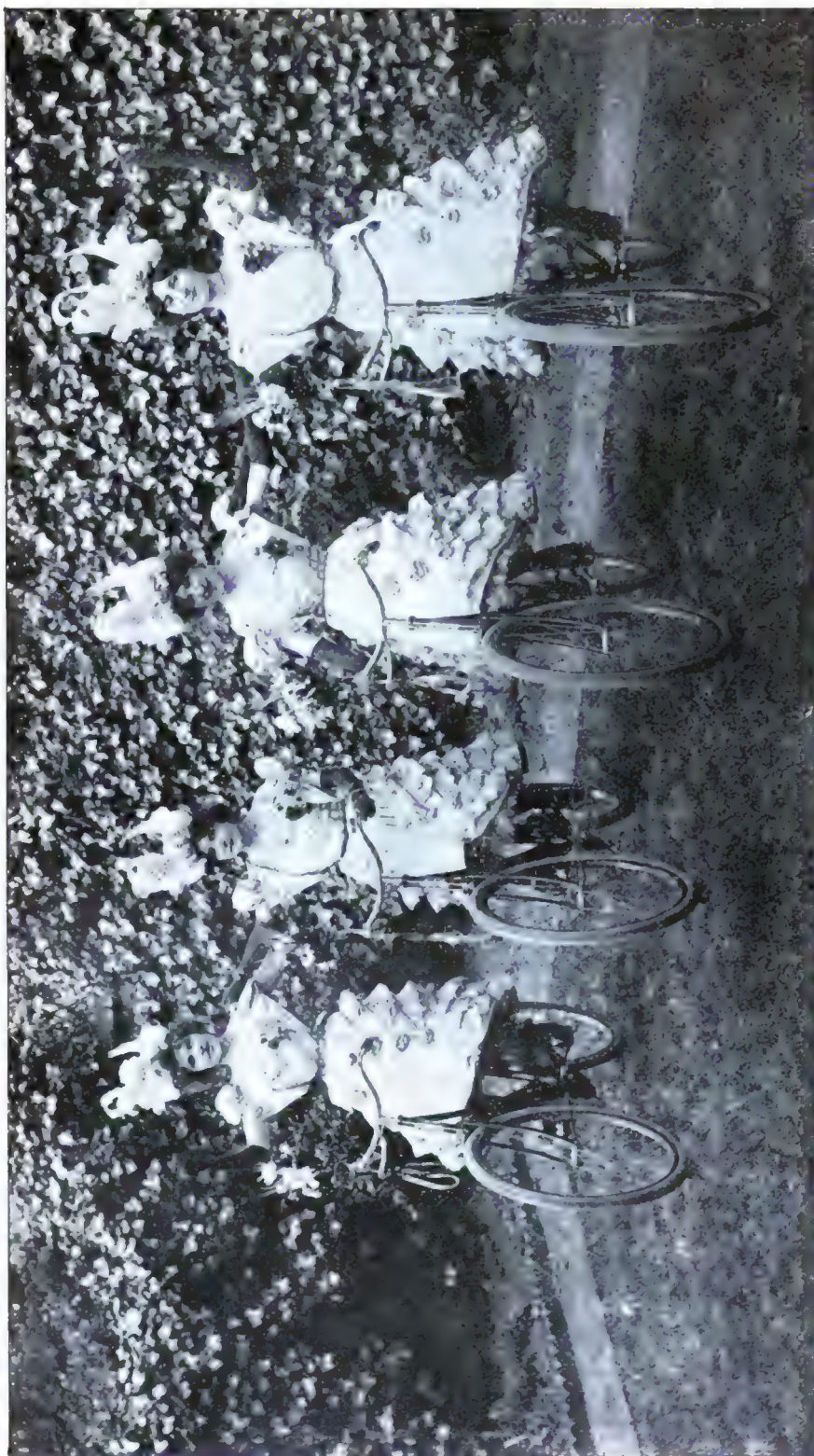
MISS BARRISON SINGS "TICKLE THE WORLD WITH A FEATHER."

(From photograph by Meltzer, Vienna.)



MISS BARRISON SINGS "I'M A GIRL THAT KNOWS THE TOWN."

(From photograph by Meltzer, Vienna.)



Photograph by Alfred Ellis, London.

THE VELO QUARTETTE.

A picturesque feature of the London music-halls. From an instantaneous camera shot.

POLLY PRY IS ANGRY ONCE MORE.

EDITOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

I feel hurt again. This time it is personal, and if I don't write to you, I shall burst.

I send herewith a picture showing a woman drinking beer. No doubt, the photographer wanted everyone to believe that she is drinking beer in her dressing room. That's the usual thing. Now, I wouldn't care if she drank beer till the cows came home, if that woman didn't happen to look like me!

What do you suppose my friends will say when they see this picture displayed on Broadway in Meyers' or Ritzmann's or Blum's windows? They'll say I'm a hypocrite; that my recent article in the BROADWAY

MAGAZINE was not sincere, and that, finally, I'm a fake.

Even if she had been putting on her corsets or tying her shoes or kicking the gas out, as these photographers are prepared to make her do! But to make her—or rather me—drink beer before a camera when I have said I detested such things, is abominable. Oh, but I'm mad!

So I send you this picture. Publish it all over your Magazine and tell people it's not ME!

And if ever I see that double of mine, you may rest assured that life will be made interesting for her for a quarter of an hour.

POLLY PRY.

P. S. I'm still mad.



The troublesome picture.



Saucy.

MAY HOWARD,
BURLESQUER.

Illustrated with photographs by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

BY AN ADMIRER.

YES; I mean *the* May Howard.

There may be others, but thus far they have failed to come within my vision, and even if they did, I give fair warning that I couldn't see them with a field glass.

May Howard has always been essentially a boys' girl. There are two things in which she is without a peer. These are the positive and unquestioned genius with which she wears tights and the absolute fascination she has for the boys. By "boys" I mean all the



For the gallery.

males who go to the theatre to see May Howard because she appeals to their youth and love of dash and jolly bonhomie.

They're all May Howard's boys.

It is some years since I first saw May Howard. She won me at once by her songs, her slashing way of doing things, and the personal sympathy and perfect understanding which seemed to exist between herself and the audience. She knew every one of them just as they knew her. There was nothing of the formal in their relations. I can remember every song she sang and almost every line she spoke. There was one song in particular that struck my fancy. It was dear old "White Wings," and when she had finished it and had smiled her good-bye, there wasn't a mother's son of us who



SINGING FOR THE BOYS.



JUST MISS HOWARD.

wouldn't have given up peanuts for a month for her sake.

I saw May Howard again a few nights ago.

Would I like her as well as when I was more boyish and less hard to please? On she came.

It took me just five seconds by the clock to make up my mind that she was still my May Howard. There were the same graceful legs encased within the same style of silk tights, and in her cheek, due west from the left-hand corner of her mouth, was the same suggestion of a dimple that I used to look for on Saturday nights from my seat in the gallery.

It is this freshness and rollicking good nature of Miss Howard that so strongly intrenches her in the affections of her admirers. As she was a few years ago, so is she to-day. It is this very fact, no doubt, that makes her still one of the leading attractions among lovers of burlesque and which has succeeded in making me know and feel that I am still

ONE OF HER BOYS.



Photograph by Thors, San Francisco, Cal.

MISS HOWLAND
In full length pose.



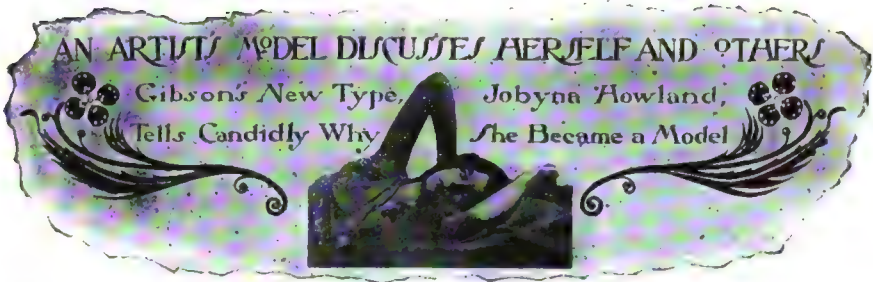
MISS HOWLAND
In a character study

THREE TYPICAL PICTURES OF MISS HOWLAND.



Photograph by Thors, San Francisco, Cal.

MISS HOWLAND
In an easy, graceful attitude.



JOBYNA HOWLAND is the latest American beauty of the studio to attract attention in New York. I called on her recently and asked, point blank: "Miss Howland, why did you become a model?"

"In the very first place," she answered, "I wish it distinctly understood that I make no apology. I am a professional model; admitted. I make my living in this way because it is honest, and less trying than many other lines of work for women; admitted. Then why an apology? None is needed. I am a Colorado girl. At an early age I began to think of my future. The stage appealed to me. While fully aware of its tinselled and spectacular value, I felt that it gave its followers—at least the successful ones—a show to be independent. I fully expected some day to become an actress."

While she was speaking I noted her superb carriage. She is tall, very. Her friends would say that she has a lithe, willowy figure and graceful air. Those who are not her friends are apt to say that she is angular and that she does not carry nearly enough flesh for her unusual height—six feet.

"Why did you come to New York?" I asked.

"Because I was told I would find many opportunities for stage work. In the West I could not find what I thought would lead me

to greater things. I came here; I waited. And those who have waited for a chance to get a position on the stage in New York know how dismal, lonely and almost hopeless this waiting is. It almost gnaws the strength out of one's flesh and shuts the light out of one's heart.

"Oh, how weary were those days! They grew intolerable. Besides, they were expensive. I had to do something.

"Studio posing was suggested. I procured the names and addresses of several artists. I started out and was successful almost from the beginning.

"One of the first artists I approached was C. H. King, in the Alpine Building. Mr. King was kindness and courtesy itself. And I want to say right here

that I have yet to meet the artist who has not been considerate. I have heard, oh, so many stories of the women models of New York, and of the way they are treated by the artists. Some of these stories have made my blood boil. All I can say is I know from experience that if women will act as they should they will receive due courtesy at the hands of artists.

"Mr. King had me pose for some single figure sketches one day; when he had finished his work I was charmed. His sketches seemed to flatter me much, but there was in them such dainty lines and simple



Photographed by Thom, San Francisco, Cal.

MISS HOWLAND
In a simple evening waist.

Another Trio of



Dainty Pictures of

effects that I was as pleased as a child to think that I was even most remotely connected with those pictures. I immediately took a newer and more personal interest in my work.

"One day I called on Mr. C. D. Gibson in the *Life* Building. I had hardly dared hope to receive an offer from him, and, of course, was much elated when he gave me a chance.

"Later I posed for Mr. A. B. Wenzell, in the Charities Building, on Fourth Avenue, and for Mr. E. H. Blashfield, the famous American mural artist."

"But, Miss Howland," I ventured, "you seem now to be known principally as the 'Gibson Girl.'"

"Perhaps that is because I happen to approach, in some degree, the tall type, which has been so much criticised, and in justice to Mr. Gibson, I should say admired."

The admission that she looked like this creation of pen-and-ink

did not make Miss Howland egotistical. Nature has saved her the trouble of making claims in this direction.

"Which artist do you like best?"

"That certainly is an embarrassing question. So I'll not answer it. They all are nice to me. Mr. King is a young, ambitious and altogether enthusiastic young artist, who chats while he sketches, and who, I feel sure, has a fine future.

"Mr. Gibson is more than an artist. He is a most polished man of the world. He would be an æsthete if he were not so strong in personality and striking in conception and execution of men and women and their relations to art.

"Mr. Wenzell's work is so utterly different from Mr. Gibson's that I can be equally enthusiastic without being accused of trying to walk on both sides of the street at once. Mr. Gibson's

Miss Howland.



forte is pen-and-ink; Mr. Wenzell's, wash. The latter is an awfully hard worker. Don't you think his women are simply commanding? They look as if they were princesses born to purple and all men their slaves."

"Don't you get very tired while posing?"

"Oh, yes, I get tired sometimes. But so I would behind a counter or on the stage or in front of a typewriter, and I must say that the life, with its brilliant men, its bright sunlight, its softer half-shades and the pretty glamour of the studio have a fascination for me."

"What, in general, is your opinion of posing as a profession?"

"As I have said, there are no pitfalls, that one cannot see and having seen cannot safely pass over. The young, the foolish, the impressionable and the utterly plastic may fall by the wayside. The sensible, the careful and the dignified will be safe enough. I hope to be one of the latter to the end of the chapter."

Then I left her, sorry only that I was but a writer of mere words and not a painter of pictures.

J. B. GAINES.

WHO IT WAS.

"Now that," said the visitor, as he was being shown about the fine old English mansion, and passed into

the gallery where the family portraits were, "is, I presume, a very valuable painting. An old master, is it not?"

"No, sir, begging your pardon, sir," replied the butler, "it's the old missis."

A GOOD CHANCE.

VISITOR—Your little son grows wonderfully, Mr. Wacker.

MR. WACKER—Yes, I think he will make a strapping fellow.

LITTLE SON (*sulkily*)—I ought to. He straps me enough, anyway!

GRIEF.

"I can overlook his past," sighed the grieved and mortified young woman, after a careful inspection of the ring she had just received from her lover, and the discovery that the diamond was paste; "but I own I am bitterly disappointed with his present."

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

OLD LADY—Don't you find this work rather monotonous?

ELEVATOR BOY—No, indeed, ma'am, it's exciting. Only yesterday a man started to get out too soon, and got his head cracked; and last week the machine broke and crippled everybody except me. That there rope looks sort o' weak. Hope she'll last till we're up. The engine-driver is ill today, too, an' that makes things interesting."



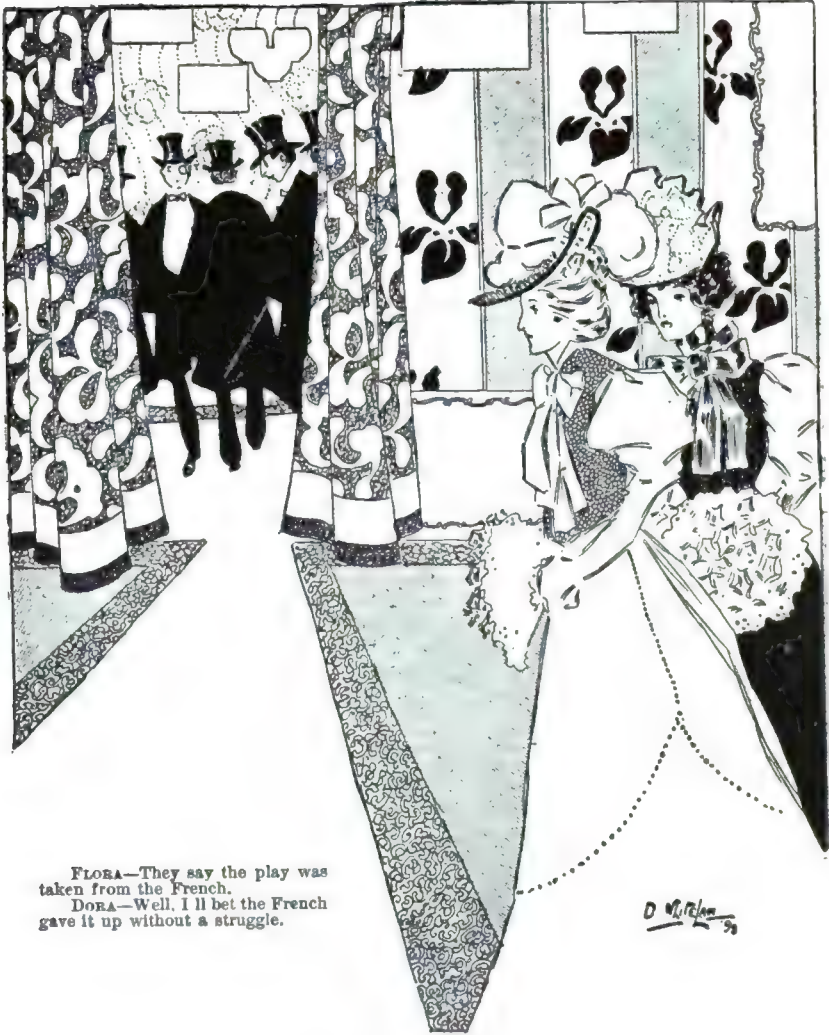
MISS HOWLAND

As the true type of Gibeon girl.

"THE
 THREE
 MUS-
 KE-
 TEERS."
 TREE
 AS
 D'ARTAGNAN
 MRS.
 POTTER
 AS
 MILADI



Mrs.
 BROWN-
 POTTER
 IN
 THE
 DRESS
 IN
 WHICH
 SHE
 CAUGHT
 THE
 FATAL
 COLD
 IN
 LONDON.



FLORA—They say the play was taken from the French.

DORA—Well, I'll bet the French gave it up without a struggle.

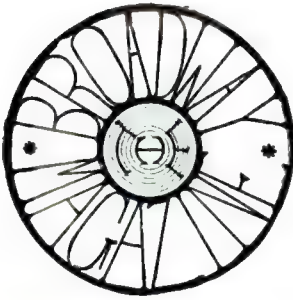
Her First Night.

The lights are half-way on.
Behind the curtain, drawn,
I hear the players going to and fro
Across the stage; and, coming faint and low,
The sound of the musicians tuning soft
Their instruments. The cross-lights dance aloft!
And as the vast impatient audience fills
The theatre, my heart with rapture thrills!

With eagerness I wait,
For well I know the fate
Of my sweet Dorothy hangs on to-night's
Performance. 'Tis her first. Ah—now the lights
Are on full flame! The orchestra comes out.
That overture—'tis grand beyond a doubt!
A bell! Again! And there—the curtain's up!
A deep, throbbing emotion fills my cup!

For now amid a wild
Applause this mimic child
Makes her appearance—pleases from the start!
With charming ease she plays her every part,
And in her "Spider Dance" she is recalled
Till, in my box, I sit almost appalled
At her success! I was not sure of it.
But now, to Thalia praise, she's made a hit!

JAMES COURTNEY CHALLIS.



ISSUED ON THE 25TH DAY
OF EACH MONTH.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Vol. II. January, 1899. No. 10.

The year 1899 opens up so prosperously for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE that we wish to take you aside for a moment and give you our confidence. This publication is to-day nine months old and is the wonder of publishers all over the country, who, knowing from their own experience how hard it is to build up a new magazine, are almost dumb-struck by the fact that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE has been made a great big lasting success in a very few months. What has surprised them still more is the fact that this has

been accomplished without loss of money or self-respect. All we can say to the general public is that our plan was fully mapped out before we started; that it has been adhered to consistently, but with a due regard for the various exigencies of the business as they arose; and that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE has had a successful circulation for the very simple and obvious reason that it has appealed to a public that was apparently waiting for a bright, crisp and altogether unusual effort in this line.

* * *

Another suggestion to advertisers. Do you not think a magazine that can jump from seventeen thousand to seventy thousand in six months and increase from five to ten thousand a month afterwards, and the rates of which are exactly one-half of the price usually charged for such circulation, should be an excellent advertising medium for you? This is our only argument.

* * *

And by the way; we do not believe with Frank A. Munsey that because we have met with success it is necessary to sit on a high horse and tell the advertising agent that he's a cut-throat and thief and is no more entitled to consideration or favors than a highwayman on whom we

have by accident pulled the first gun. Mr. Munsey is a clever man, but not so much of a genius that he can afford to cast aside those who have helped to put thousands of dollars in his pockets in the past five years, and this, we doubt not, he will find out in a very tangible and unpleasant way in the next twelve months. While the BROADWAY MAGAZINE has not toadied to anything or anybody and is master of itself, it knows its own interests too well not to stand with open arms and ready smile for any reputable advertising agent in the country who may come along with an order; and it is ready to pay him a commission quite as liberal as would be paid to any other agent in any other line of business.

* * *

Concentration is a recognized factor in latter-day business life. This very concentration of force, energy, brains and experience is what has made the live hustling advertising agent of so much importance and of so much value to the business man. The publisher who does not recognize this fact should give up riding in electric cars and go to business in a horse car, because they did things that way fifty years ago. We'll take the electric car, if you don't mind.

Read our Editorials about *Mr. Frank A. Munsey,
The American News Co.,
Newsdealers and Ourselves.*



THE WARBLER—"Oh, that I could fly away."
THE LISTENERS—Amen!

We're going to surprise everybody by doing something which has never been done before by any publishing house in America. We hereby extend a vote of hearty thanks to the American News Company and its various branches throughout the United States and Canada. After having made this statement we are prepared to see every publisher in the land stand aghast, throw up his hands in horror, and await in trepidation the coming of the millennium. We mean it. It has been fashionable for years for everybody to cast obloquy upon the American News Company and its officers, to inveigh in heated terms against corporations and trusts that squeeze the life out of the weak, and in fact to accuse the biggest news distributing agency in the world of everything from chicanery to downright dishonesty.

Let us speak from experience. The American News Company with its finely perfected machinery for the handling of publishers' goods, has placed the BROADWAY MAGAZINE in every State, city and hamlet on this continent, one half of which territory could not possibly be covered through any other agency. It has kept its every promise made to the publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. It has never been generous. Corporations are not in business for their health. It has, however, always been most fair and courteous in its relations with the publishers, and has done everything in its power to add to the most remarkable success in the history of new publications for the past year. We believe that this statement is due as a matter of justice to the American News Company, and to ourselves.

It is not made in any spirit of servile flattery, but is a clean, businesslike, and gratuitous statement of fact.

* * *

Now a word for the newsdealers. They form another element against which the average publisher grows wroth, and which he generally believes it is necessary to fight as against something which is a positive detriment instead of an absolutely necessary help. Without the newsdealer it would be impossible for publishers to sell their goods, just as it would be impossible for a photographer to take pictures without a camera. The remarkably small returns on the BROADWAY MAGAZINE—returns which have figured lower on an average than those on any other magazine published—have proven conclusively that the newsdealer knows what he is doing.

Tales of Broadway.

No. X.

HOW SHE MARRIED WILLIE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

By GORDON PALMER.

"DON'T be a fool, Willie," said Pearl Parker looking back from her mirror on the dressing room wall in the Frivolity. This was a foolish admonition on the part of Pearl, for Willie really couldn't help being foolish; but then she always forgot.

"See here," said Willie, showing his boyish anger in voice and manner. "I'm devilish tired of being thrown aside like a glove when you're out of sorts and can think of nothing for me to buy for you. Yes, I'm getting devilish tired of it," he repeated, as she continued to put the finishing touches of red to her lips. Willie twisted his gloves around in his hand impatiently as if they were something human and he was wreaking vengeance on them.

After a tantalizing pause during which she calmly finished her make up, Pearl turned around placidly and surveyed her companion with a critical eye. Not a single detail from his carefully ironed hair to his impeccable patent leathers, escaped her notice.

"My dear Willie," she said, in that studiously even tone which always angered him to desperation, "If you think for one moment that the purchase of an occasional trinket gives you the

privilege of being nasty, please undeceive yourself at once." Then she got up and opened the door. "Run along now, Willie," she continued, in that clear, liquid voice of hers. "Run along home to mamma now, there's a dear little boy. I've got to be on the stage in ten minutes

and I haven't any time to bother with you. Run along now," she continued, as with a gentle tap on the shoulder she made her invitation to depart still more convincing; "run along now, and don't you come back again until you've made up your mind to behave yourself. 'Ta-ta,'" and almost before Willie knew it the door was slammed in his face and he found himself in the dark passage outside.

"Confound me for an ass," said he, getting at his true value in one jump. "She calls them trinkets, eh? Good Gawd, she thinks a T cart, a bicycle and a Tiffany brooch trinkets!"

Then the ridiculous side of the

situation appealed even to his small thin mind. Being sent out of the room like a boy who had eaten his sister's jam or had disgraced himself at the table was certainly not upholding the dignity of a young man who came of one of New York's best families, had money to burn



"Let's go up to Martin's after the show and have a bird and a bottle."

and was burning it with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

While he was standing there in the light of the sputtering gas jet a door on the other side of the passage opened and out popped the head of little Maesy Middleton.

"Hello, Willie," called out the cheery Maesy to the dejected looking Willie.

That worthy looked up and a new light came into his eye. It was the light of a new purpose, and through it all flashed the terrible implacable anger of Willie Waddle.

"Hello, Maesy," said he presently. "Have you an engagement for supper to-night?"

"Why," said she, in surprise, "I thought that you and Pearl—"

"Oh, that's all off," said Willie, with an assumption of flippancy that he scarcely felt. "Let's go up to Martin's after the show and have a bird and a bottle."

"All right," said Maesy, "I'll go you."

And so it was settled. At 11:30 Willie and Maesy were comfortably seated at a table in Martin's. Willie was unusually prodigal in his orders. It was his apparent intention to run the gamut of the bill of fare from soup to cheese and coffee without missing anything, and the assiduous attention he showed to the wine list betrayed his desire to prove to Maesy what a big heart beat back of his dress shirt.

"Suppose Pearl should come in?" said Maesy. You see, Maesy knew Pearl and wasn't taking any too many chances.

"Oh, that's all right," said Willie, waving his hand carelessly, as if such

things were mere trifles to a man of his experience. "I'll fix that all right."

Then he ordered another bottle, which he proceeded to annihilate with the utmost *sang froid*.

It would be positively silly for me to take up space in giving their chatter for the following hour. As a rule, these little conversations do not approach anything more brilliant than a discussion of Shanley's new way of broiling steaks, the costumes of the new Gaiety prima donna, and the extortionate charges of cabmen who drive through the Park.

At twelve-thirty, or to be more exact, at twelve-twenty-two, Willie showed a decided inclination to distribute his anatomy impartially between the floor and the chair. Maesy, on the other hand, was as fresh as a lark on a May morning. A few glasses more or less to Maesy

made little or no difference; as she once remarked in a candid discussion of her own imbibing abilities: "Me? Oh, I could swim in it and keep my head on top."

While sipping one of the numerous glasses that passed his lips that night, a brilliant idea struck Willie. He put down the glass again so hard that the wine was spilled over the linen, and looking across at Maesy, blurted out, "Say, you're a devilish nice girl, Maesy. I like you better than I like Pearl Parker. How would it strike you if I

asked you to become Mrs. Waddle?"

"Oh, I say, Willie, don't be a fool," said the girl, who was getting tired and wanted to go home now. This was the second time that Willie had been called a fool that night. It was a little too much for his dignity. He would assert himself.



"And there you are," she said triumphantly, breaking merrily into a snatch of her opening song.

"See here, Maesy," said he, "you think I'm joking, don't you. I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll go right down to the Little Church Around the Corner and be married, and in the morning we'll go round to Pearl and get her congratulations."

"Not on your life," said Maesy.

Then her eyes caught sight of Pearl Parker sitting in the rear of the restaurant. As if a great strong light shone upon Maesy, she patted Willie's big fat hand, and said reassuringly: "You flatter me, my dear boy, but this is so sudden. Give me five minutes to think about it." Then getting up from the table she excused herself, and going to the staircase beckoned to Pearl who had been taking in the scene with greedy eyes. In another moment the two girls were deep in an earnest conversation that finally seemed to end to the satisfaction of both.

In about ten minutes a waiter went up to Willie, saying, "Mr. Waddle, your friend is outside in a cab and says she is waiting for you."

Willie, not too sure of his feet, paid his bill and went out to the cab standing in front of Martin's. As he opened the door a gloved hand pulled him in gently and whispered in his ear: "All right, Willie, dear; I have given the driver instructions and we'll be married right away." All of which didn't seem to surprise Willie in the least, and he got in quite as contentedly as if he were going for a drive up Riverside.

* * * *

There was great excitement the next night behind the scenes at the Frivolity.

Pearl Parker was not on hand, and her understudy, Maesy Middleton, would have to take her part. Maesy's chum,

Clara Coldwater, was in Maesy's room congratulating her on the good fortune that gave her a chance to play the principal part in "A Night's Revel."

"I wonder what in the world has become of Pearl," said Clara.

"Clara," said Maesy, going up to her mysteriously, "can you keep a secret?"

"Just as well as you can," chirped Clara laughingly.

"Then let me tell you," said Maesy. "I am going to play Dolly Dimple to-night by special arrangement with Pearl Parker," and she winked her eye audaciously.

"What!" gasped Clara. "What do you mean?"

"Only this," said Maesy in a satisfied tone. "I wanted to play Dolly Dimple. You know that. Pearl wanted to marry Willie Waddle. You know that, too. Well, Willie proposed to me last night. Pearl was there staring her eyes out and Willie was too full to see anything or anybody. We made a bargain by which she was to take my place and go to the Little Church Around the Corner, while I was to play Dolly Dimple. And there you are," she ended triumphantly, breaking merrily into a snatch of her opening song.

"But didn't Willie catch on to the deception," asked Clara.

"Oh, yes," answered the other, "of course he did, but it was too late. I bade Mr. and Mrs. Waddle good-bye on the Britannia this morning and they both seemed to be happy, and, as I'm tickled to death, there's no one to kick."

"First act," yelled the call boy outside the door.

And, in five minutes more, Maesy Middleton was making the hit of her life.

RECOMPENSE.

MRS. TOMKINS—Mrs. Yabsley has had such an experience! Arrested for shoplifting! All a mistake, of course.

MRS. JENKINS—I suppose she must have been very much annoyed?

MRS. TOMKINS—Not at all. The papers all said that she was of "prepossessing appearance."

THE man who is always wondering what the neighbors think of him would be surprised sometimes to know that they seldom think of him at all.

—
If you want to place a small boy in one spot where you will be sure to find him five minutes later, put him in the pantry.

MORE UPPER BROADWAY SNAPSHOTS.

By LEE HARRISON'S CAMERA.



Walter Jones, Jack Slavin and John T. Kelly, discussing a new part.

I LAUGH at lawsuits and prison cells and Lucullian lunches of bread and water.

At least a dozen people have told me in the past month that they would sue me for libel because I took their pictures. But here I am again. I defy me enemies. Bring on me sword. S' death!

Isn't that trio of Jones, Slavin and Kelly beautifully touching in its simplicity and rugged strength? The camera almost sobbed aloud as it snapped its teeth.

Minnie Ashley smiled. I saw her. My camera grew nervous. The tension was terrible. I simply had to do it, and there she is.



Minnie Ashley's self-satisfied smile.

Charley Ross hates having his picture taken. That makes no difference to me. I'm as hard-hearted as a stage pawn-broker. So Mr. Ross gazes out upon a sordid world, and the matinee girls can hug themselves in glee.

Leo Teller and Bob Fitzsimmons were chatting in a pleasant friendly sort of way about the new addition to the Fitzsimmons family. Little Miss Fitzsimmons was listening with both ears. Then—click—click—and the deed was done.

More later. That is, providing the new coat of mail I am having manufactured will keep me from all harm. If it doesn't, I'll die like a man. But I'll never give up the camera.

LEE HARRISON.



Charley Ross, leading juvenile.



Bob Fitzsimmons telling Leo Teller about that wonderful kid.

AS TO THE CUTTINGS.

WHAT'S the matter with the Cuttings? This question has been asked a good many hundred times in the last six months by people who have become a trifle mixed over the various statements made regarding the alleged infelicities existing between Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Cutting.

I have always been very much interested in the Cuttings, and especially in the male portion of the duo. Long Bob, as he has been irreverently called by some of his friends, is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. When he was sixteen he was so long that he had to eat his meals in an apple orchard. When he was twenty his family held a consultation and decided that Robert would either have to stop growing or move out to the prairie where there was plenty of room. When he got on an empty Broadway car it immediately became crowded. When he went into a theatre the "Standing Room Only" sign was put outside. When he walked up Broadway he often brushed signs off the third story.

One day he decided to become an amateur actor. He made his initial appearance, and it was at once decided that he was the champion heavyweight actor of the world.

He met Minnie Seligman, fell in love with her, and asked her to become Mrs. Cutting. She, poor girl, measuring his love by his dimensions, said "Yes"; and so they were married.

They appeared together at the old Standard Theatre in a piece called "My Official Wife," written by Archie Gunter. The whole town went to see Mr. Cutting act, and immediately made up its mind that he was the most unique thing that had ever trotted out gayly before the footlights.

Ye gods! Who could forget Cutting in "My Official Wife"? It was as if a camel had been engaged to play in a blithe comedy by Charles E. Blaney.

The run lasted, I think, for one consecutive week. Bob Cutting simply crushed "My Official Wife" under his feet with as much impunity as a shaggy St. Bernard would badger a lean bone.

And now, after all these years, can it be possible that the Cuttings are to separate? I am hardly prepared to believe it.

Bob Cutting is really a very decent fellow, and his wife has always appeared to me to be a sensible little woman with a great deal of fondness for her boyish husband.

At any rate, the Cuttings still continue to interest me. Any man who is so big that he cannot go out into the street without stopping traffic, and any woman who could fall in love with him, can gain my sympathetic attention at any stage of the game.

BOB ELSMERE, JR.

COMPARED with the amount a man wants in this world, it is surprising how little he can manage to get along with.



Photograph by Eddowes Bros., New York.

"LONG BOB" CUTTING AND MINNIE
SELIGMAN CUTTING.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

THE QUEER DAVIS TWINS.—Charles Belmont Davis has written a book. Don't let this disturb your equanimity. Don't grow feverish in your eager expectancy for a glimpse of the new literary gem. In fact, don't do anything until I explain. Mr. Davis is a big, thick gentleman with small grace and large feet. He has the habit of sprawling over the furniture and getting mixed up with the hangings. His face usually carries that appearance of vivacity and geniality displayed by a sleeping Newfoundland. Mr. Davis is chiefly remarkable because he happens to have been born a brother of Richard Harding Davis. If I am not mistaken he followed his brother on the staff of the *Evening Sun*, but during his years of connection with New York journalism, he has done little more than wear out the pavements

with his feet and look foolish. I positively deny that I have any personal feeling against Mr. Davis. I simply take this opportunity of giving my impressions of him because he has written a book, and also for the reason that I cannot help expressing surprise that Richard Harding and Charles Belmont could possibly belong to the same family.



Photograph by Foster, Bonham Tex.

KITTIBEL PULER,

Who is sometimes called "the Girl Paderewski of the South." Notice those fingers.

MRS. GILLIG IN ALL HER GLORY.—

One of the notable figures at the Show of the Silly Pet Dog Club at Sherry's was Mrs. Harry M. Gillig who refuses to sneak into a corner and hide her light behind a curtain. Mrs. Gillig has for years been one of the well-known figures around Broadway. She left the West some years ago and lived at the Gilsey House for a long time, where she startled the bell boys by her munificent tips and the happy faculty she had of doing things in her own sweet way. She undoubtedly is one of the most unique figures on Broadway and she rarely misses a first night. At the Sherry Show she was resplendent and her sartorial magnificence made the other women look like thirty cents. Mrs. Gillig is fond of dogs, horses and good dinners.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AND HER TROUBLES.—It's all true about the rumored trouble between Edna Wallace Hopper and the rest of the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" company. Mrs. Hopper has an imperious way of her own that means either subjection on one side or tempestuous trouble in the neighborhood. There is no denying the fact that she is a clever little woman, but when she gets started she can raise as much blazes as any other woman on the stage. The members of the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" company have some very picturesque stories to tell of her ability to appropriate everything at all times, and the mere fact that she was not the star didn't affect her position in the slightest degree. I haven't any faith in the statement that the Hoppers are to reunite. The two years previous to their separation were so picturesquely troublous in every way that I doubt seriously whether either one of them would care to repeat the experiment.

A DISCOVERER OF THE RISQUE.—If Melville Stolz keeps on he will gain a vivid and lasting reputation. He is a positive genius in the art of ferreting out risque acts. We all know that he was the discoverer of Charmion, the delightfully naive and refined young woman who took off all her clothes at Koster & Bial's and displayed her lingeried graces for the benefit of gin-fizzed youths and doddering old libertines. If his new find, Marguerite Daliza, turns out to be as candid a singer as it is believed she will be one more link will have been forged in the chain that will bind the ingenious Stolz to a speckled past and a hybrid present.

FLERON, THE PROUD HUSBAND.—

I see that the loving husband, Fleron, is still trading upon the indecency of his wife. That young woman, who has acquired fame as one of the daintily modest Barrison Sisters, has been appearing in European music halls in a new sketch that displays all her physical charms in a manner as complete as it is Barrisonian. When Fleron was in this country I had the distinct honor of meeting him. He is absolutely without decency as regards his own wife and sisters-in-law, and there is not a newspaper man in

New York that came in contact with him who did not become thoroughly disgusted. The French have a word that exactly describes Fleron, but it wouldn't look nice in print.

HELEN DUPONT AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.—The girls of the Casino company now playing "The Belle of New

York" in London have been holding high old times and ruling things with an imperious hand at the big Covent Garden fancy dress balls. These affairs are attended by all the Bohemian, about town and transient elements of London's population. There you will meet chorus-girls, leading men, managers and lordlings who are indulging in Highland flings of gayety. It is a great resort for visiting Americans. At a recent Covent Garden ball I understand that Helen Dupont, one of the luscious beauties of the Casino company, was the queen of the night and attracted more attention than all the rest of them put together. Martha Franklyn was another Casino girl who helped to make old Covent look like Madison Square Garden on an Arion night.

THE MASONS ON THE OUTS.—I don't blame Jack Mason very much for try-



Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

THE VERY LATEST PICTURE OF DELLA FOX.

Published here for the first time.

ing to cut his brother Lowell, although such family quarrels are always unpleasant. Lowell, who is a large and complacent and not too energetic man, has for years been warming himself in the nest prepared by brother Jack. When Jack had lots of money, influence and friends, Lowell was always on hand to help him enjoy life. When adversities came Lowell found it convenient to be a little less solicitous for the comfort of his brother, and now that Jack is once again on his feet I can see no particular reason why he should fall over Lowell's neck again and cry from very joy. There are few who are not glad that Jack Mason is doing so well. He seems to have pulled himself together with a sharp jerk, and as *Horatio Drake* in "The Christian" he does a most satisfying and artistic bit of portraiture. His art has broadened, and I know of no other man on the American stage who could play a man of the world like *Drake* so well as he.

A WARNING TO AMELIA BINGHAM.

—Amelia Bingham should be careful. She is getting pronouncedly fleshy. Here is one of the most physically perfect women on the American stage. She is a positive revelation of fine health, high spirits, sparkling eyes and vivacious manner. She is the personification of womanly strength. Therein lies the trouble. I saw her the other day and she appeared to me to be a trifle heavy, which is fatal in a woman like her. There is not a woman in America to-

day, who makes a more dazzling picture in evening dress than does Amelia Bingham. She is a treat for the eye, and I sincerely hope for the sake of all lovers of the feminine beautiful that she will not allow herself to grow gross, but will retain her sprightliness and continue to satisfy the eye as she does at present.



Photograph by Joseph Byron, New York City.

R. J. DILLON
As Father Lamplugh in
"The Christian."

MR. CRANE'S PLAY.—I feel a sense of personal disappointment over the failure of Eugene W. Presbrey's play "Worth a Million." If there is one native star who deserves success, I think it is William H. Crane. He has so consistently pinned his faith to the native drama and put aside the temptation to purchase manuscripts abroad that it seems a shame he should not strike something better than "Worth a Million." The action of this piece was so utterly swallowed up in a sea of words and fiddle-faddle that it offered absolutely no opportunities to even a favorite like Mr. Crane. I am convinced that there are few American stars who are so firmly intrenched in the good will of the American people as Mr. Crane, but even he could not afford to waste his energy and obvious talent upon plays of the Presbrey order. "Worth a Million" as compared to "A Virginia Courtship" is a tallow dip compared to a calcium light. And, by the way, what a self-possessed player Miss Ysobel Haskins is.

(I don't blame Alan Dale for asking "Why not Myss Ysobel Haskins?") It is not so long ago that she was a somewhat shrinking and altogether im-

mature player with no particular cleverness and almost utterly lacking in color. Now she has all the self-possession of a Casino chorus girl at a matinée performance. I don't like Gladys Wallis when she is tearful. She is satisfying only when smiling, gurgling and unaffected. Miss Percy Haswell who played *Nina Sharpe* in "Worth a Million" was excellent. Her scenes were done with a spirit and airy touch that one would hardly expect in a player of Miss Haswell's usual method.

ROBERT MCWADE'S REMARKABLE POLYDOR.—

One of the weird performances of the season on Broadway was the appearance of that fine actor, Robert McWade, as *Polydor* in "Ingomar." Mr. McWade is probably one of the very few actors who can impersonate a Scotchman with convincing fidelity to the original. *Polydor*,

Two Well-known



J. B. LOWITZ,
New York World.

however, does not call for a Scotch dialect or for the whimpering and colorless methods which Mr. McWade brought to bear upon the part. This actor, who is a sort of foot-light Jeems the Piper, gave a very fair imitation of how excruciatingly bad a good actor can be in a part that doesn't fit him.

PLAYWRIGHT KREMER IN CLOVER.—

At last Theodore Kremer's chance has come. He has been laboring diligently for the past two years to have a piece produced on Broadway, but not until William A. Brady purchased a manu-



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

VICTORIA STONE.
In "The Circus Girl."

script from him did he see any daylight. I want to make a prediction right here. Even if the Brady piece is not one of the big hits of the season, Kremer is bound sooner or later to be a potent factor in American theatricals. He has one of the most graceful pens that writes for the contemporaneous stage, and his play, "My Lord and Some Ladies," which has been produced on the road, but which he was not able to place in New York, is in some respects quite as good as anything seen at the Empire or Lyceum Theatre and gives promise of finer and better achievements from this playwright.

It is said that there has been some hitch in the arrangement for the engagement of Josie Hall and Margaret Robinson who were to have appeared in the Kremer piece. Miss Hall wanted too much money and Miss Robinson didn't like her part, but perhaps these differences will be settled.

MESSRS. CORBETT AND SHARKEY ARE NOT POPULAR.—

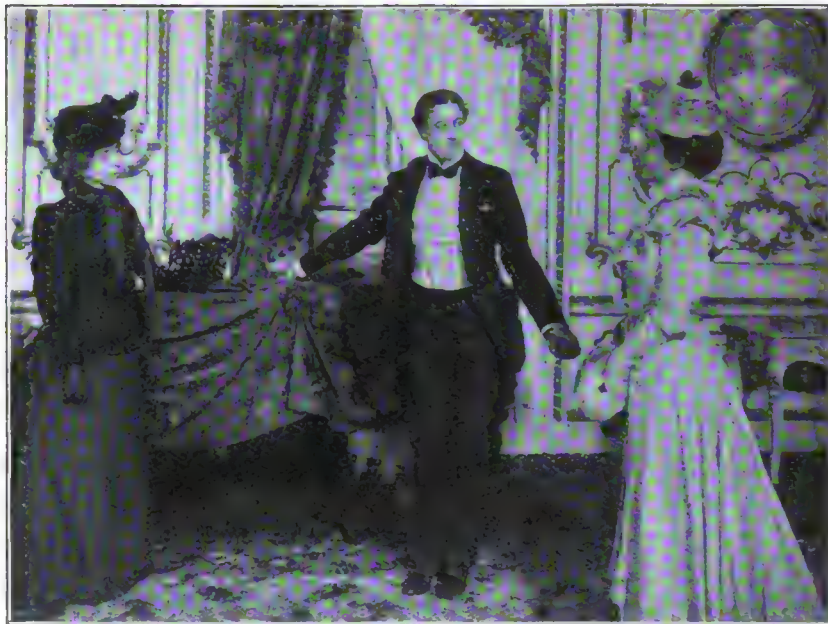
If a vote were taken along Broadway this minute for the most unpopular man, Jim Corbett would undoubtedly come in first with Sailor Sharkey a close second. These two prize fighting gentlemen are as dead as door nails so far as New York is concerned, and I don't believe either one

New York Artists.

of them could draw any of the sports to another exhibition of any kind whatsoever. Perhaps Mr. Corbett will now go back to his brother's poolroom in San Francisco, and Mr.



F. COLBURN CLARKE,
New York Journal.



Photograph by Joseph Byron, New York.

ANNIE RUSSELL, FRANK WORTHING AND ELSIE DE WOLFE
In "Catherine," at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

Sharkey may find it advisable to seek a job as stevedore down on West Street. As prize ring attractions they are about as impressive as a silk hat in a rain storm.

FRANCIS WILSON'S CAUSE FOR SORROW.—It's a wonder that Francis Wilson, the comic-opera comedian, doesn't have his name copyrighted and sue all infringers thereof. It was bad enough for Frances Wilson, the young girl in "Hotel Topsy Turvy," to flaunt her name in the face of a wondering public, but what must the pride of New Rochelle think of the Fifth Avenue real estate firm that lets flats, corner bedrooms and twelfth-story lofts under the firm name of Francis & Wilson? New York awaits the

outcome of this titular war with considerable interest, and undisturbed by the fact that an actor at a San Francisco theatre calls himself Francis Wilson, Jr.

MISS ADAMS HAS NOT MELTED THE SNOW.—Suzanne Adams of the Grau Opera Company is certainly a rather stunning sort of a woman, but she has not by any means created a great furore so far as the New York public is concerned. Perhaps we rather expected another Calvé or Melba, and there was, as might have been expected, a natural disappointment. In view of the fact that there is but one Melba and one Calvé in the world, and that there is not an impresario in the United States or Europe who would not willingly give his all for



Photograph by Vander Weyde, New York.

WILLIAM HARCOURT
Who impersonates the persecuted Captain
De efyus in "Devil's Island."



A COY YOUNG THING
WHO ANSWERS TO THE
NAME OF AIDA
MUREAL.

putes and a penchant for making enemies that is positively startling even in a profession that is notable for this sort of thing.

HUNGRY PEOPLE GALORE.—This is certainly the Klondike season of the year for the upper Broadway restaurants. The other night after the theatre I dropped into Shanley's. I might as well have tried to find a seat in an L train at 6 P. M. The place was packed and various couples were standing around submissively waiting for someone else to get up and give them a chance. As my love for the frisky rarebit does not take the form of ecstatic idiocy, I went across to the Metropole with the expectation of picking out a corner table. I was equally disappointed there, for this place was also full to overflowing. Across the street at the Stewart House, however, there was room to burn, which rather surprised me. Here is a restaurant that is unquestionably one of the very best conducted on Broadway and it hasn't an ear-splitting orchestra that would be a disgrace to the Midway. There must be a hoodoo on the Stewart House, for on no other grounds can I figure out the lack of appreciation for this splendid hostelry.

G. EDWARDY TO STAR?—I wonder if there is any truth in the story that Jerome Edwardy has found an angel and will star next season in a musical comedy. She's a devilish pretty girl, but it will take more than one angel to make a star of her.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

the privilege of placing their names in his list of singers, it is quite probable that America, rich as she is in the production of singers, must wait for many a long year for a woman who will duplicate either of the great artistes' successes.

AS TO MR. ROSENFELD'S CASINO EXPERIENCE.—Sidney Rosenfeld, in preparing "A Dangerous Maid" for the Casino stage, has once more proven how uncertain are the qualities of a playmaker. It is a rather curious thing that Mr. Rosenfeld has about as long a string of failures to his credit as any playwright in the country. He has almost a half dozen duplicates of his fearful "Stepping Stone" on the wrong side of the ledger, and yet when an American manager wants anything done in particular and wants it quickly, he sends for Mr. Rosenfeld. This dramatist is one of our hardest working stage craftsmen, and as a play tinker he stands away up in his class. He can take hold of a production, add new lines, situations and whip it into shape about as well as anyone in the business. He is a rather peppery individual with a liking for legal dis-



HARRY DAVENPORT

As Ichabod Johnson in "The Belle of New York" in the London production. (From a sketch by a London newspaper artist.)



Copyright, 1898, by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

FELICIA BARANCO.

She prides herself on her abundance of beautiful hair and the fact that she can speak good English, notwithstanding her name.

QUICKLY FOLLOWING.

WIFE (*displaying her new bonnet*)—This is the very latest fashion, John.

HUSBAND (*sighing*)—I wish it were, but I know it isn't. There'll be another one out next month.

BE JABERS.

LADY—But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience.

BRIDGET—Sure, marm, ain't it harder fer me when I don't know how?

THE CIGARETTE GIRL AT HOME.

With snapshots of New York types. Taken by Vander Weyde for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

WE have heard of the cigarette girl ever since cigarettes first came into vogue as an article of diet. This is, however, the first time that any American magazine has tracked her to her lair and made public the features of this typical product of latter-day civilization.

These pictures were taken by Vander Weyde, the well-known New York photographer, in the work-rooms of a big factory on the upper East side, New York City. They show, more plainly

what pleases her most and I dare any one to successfully dispute this right.

On her native heath—that is to say, in the factory—she is very apt to be a busy young woman who attends strictly to her work; albeit she is seldom too much engaged not to make pointed remarks on passing events. Thus, when these photographs were being taken by Mr. Vander Weyde various and picturesque were the comments of the girls who faced the camera. And some of these remarks were



CIGARETTE GIRLS AT WORK IN A FACTORY ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY.
(From photographs by Vander Weyde.)

than words could describe, the way in which the cigarette girl works from day to day. Close examination of the various pictures will disclose the fact that the cigarette girl is quite like other girls. In fact, she is really human.

The cigarette girl is, of course, unconventional. This no doubt accounts for the fact that she has been so widely quoted and has furnished so much inspiration to the comic artists. She does not pretend to be anything else. She glories in her freedom to do and say

entertaining and humorous without being ribald. They were the messages of fun from girls who would rather laugh than draw long faces and think the world a sad one.

These pictures are not intended as a technical exploitation of cigarette-making. They serve simply to show the cigarette-girl where she is never seen by the general public—at work earning her living and trying to look at things through eyes that generally sparkle with rare good-nature.

J. B. H.



Advertisements in this column must be paid for one month in advance at the rate of twelve dollars a minute. Advertisers take all risks of libel, etc.

WILL THE PRETTY LADY wearing the salmon-colored tights in the second row at the Shapeleigh Theatre please write a nice little note of encouragement to Willie Orfayott? His salary has now been raised to \$12 a week, and he feels real devilish.

GERALD. You may come home. Father is out of town on a 30 day trip. ETTA.

J***s L. F**D. Don't ring. Use the knocker. P*****L P**H.

WIDOW, aged twenty-five, guaranteed no fool, likewise no money, but a wealth of back hair, would like to meet, more or less informally, widower, who guarantees much money. Object, mint of money. WEEDS, Box 3.

CAPTAIN C. Look out. Strong northerly winds impending. CHIEF D.

YOUNG MAN wants a job, and pretty quick. Will do anything or anybody. AGUINALDO, Philippine Islands, any old box.

TWO YOUNG AMERICANS, height, 31 years; age, 5 feet 11 inches; eyes, 130 pounds; and weight, blue; yearn for soulful companionship. Object to matrimony. D BOTTS and C. FACE, Box 999.

JAMES GORDING. When are you coming back to New York? Personals are getting terrible gay. OWLS.

HOLEDRIDGE. How about them canals? ROOSEY.

O. U. D. R. ??? Eh? H'm? Yes? Good! INNIT.

IF THE GENTLEMAN with the well-built lap who accommodated the young lady with the artless complexion in full Broadway car yesterday with a seat would like to renew the acquaintance he should address LULU, 270 West Umptieth Street.

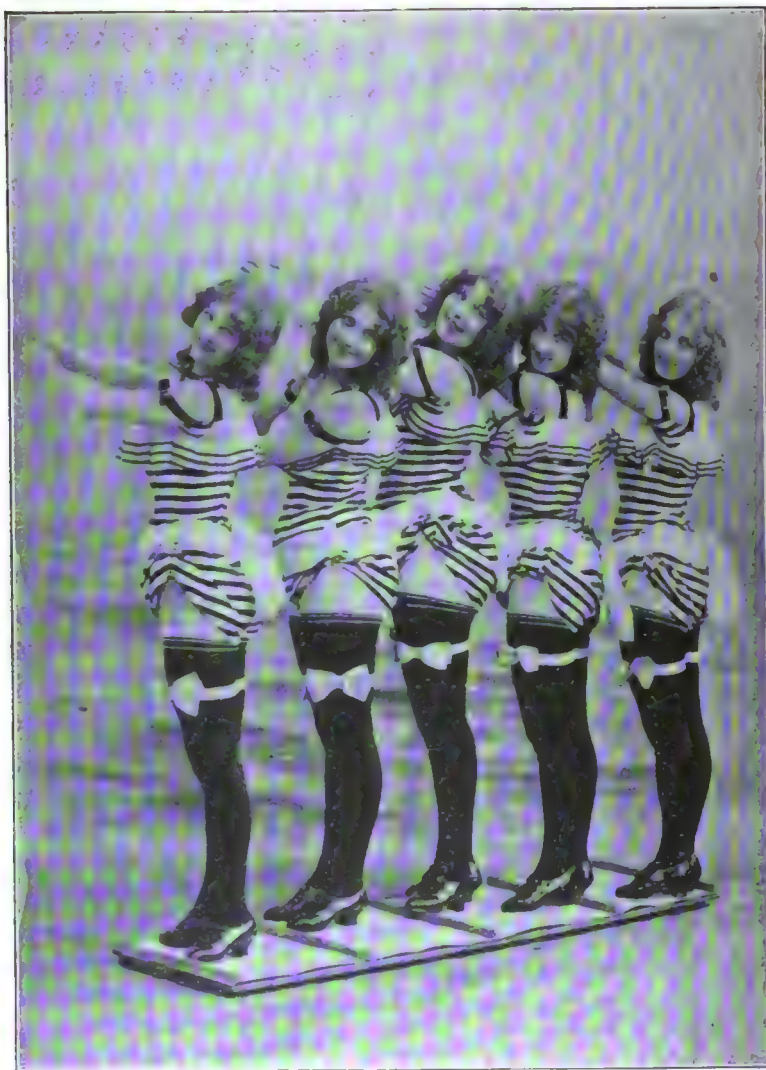
YOUTH, too fashionable to work, would like to borrow \$10,000 to blow in on champagne suppers for sixteen ladies of his acquaintance. Will some kind old gentleman, too old to be any longer in the swim, oblige with this loan? GAUL, Box 000.

IF THE REPUBLICAN Congressman who failed to get re elected this fall on the West Side of Harlem will call and see a few Democrats in New York City, he will hear no good of himself. THE PESH Manhattan.

TUTTI. Happy New Year! B. M., 1123 Broadway, New York City.



SHE—Don't kiss me. The moon is looking.
THE MOON—Oh, that's all right. I'm cross-eyed from winking the other eye.



SINGING THE FIRST VERSE OF THEIR SONG.

THE FIVE BATHING GIRLS OF THE MUSIC HALL.

Sisters? Not necessarily, though they don't look so much unlike, but "sisters" sounds and looks well, so one might say they are sisters in advertisement.

Swimming in the deep blue sea is not without its drawbacks in the winter time, but each of the sisters has four others to take good care of her, so what has she to fear from the embraces of the chilly waves?

Anybody can see how free from dread they all are by the happy and luscious

smiles depicted upon their infantile faces. Anybody can see how pleased they all are with life generally by the careless way their curls fall over their peacherino cheeks and how caressingly they stretch forth their arms in an appeal to the god Neptune. At least, that's what it looks like.

But when it comes down to a matter of business, then it's different. Where are the happy careless smiles and the child-

like dimples? Ask of the winds—the waves. No, their turn is worth just so much per, and don't you, the manager, forget it. That's what they've always been getting at the best theatres.

The other picture shows how the sisters look when they have obtained the terms that suit them best. There's a satisfied expression about their features that speaks volumes. Perhaps it makes them look more worldly, but that is something that cannot be helped.

The curls are darker, too, on the heads in the second picture. It's wonderful

how business affects the hair. But it has enabled them to buy bonnets, which must make them feel good.

They stand as if they had just been saying: "I'll meet you in the fountain by the park"—I mean: "by the fountain in the park." When you promise to meet anybody by the fountain in the park, you always draw back your right foot to the left a little and poise it on the toe. That means the appointment's made for sure.

Which is all very proper for the sisters.

They're rather unique English vaudeville girls.
R. O. T.



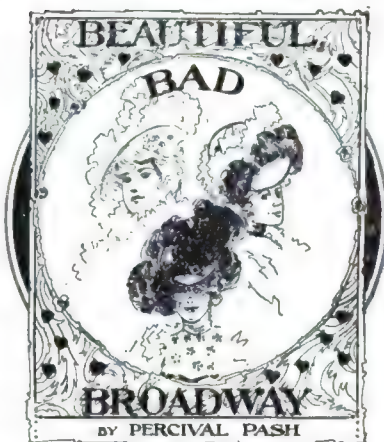
THEY EXIT IN THIS WAY.



HOFFMAN AULIC'S BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

(For key see opposite page.)

THERE's a city called New York,
which has a street known
as Broadway
(That's the street of which I'm
now about to sing),
Where the lowly, and the holy,
rich and poor walk day
by day,
And where Joy goes hand in
hand with Suffering.
There 'tis rigid virtue's shoulder
jostles that of weaker
clay,
For the two are subjects both
of "life," the king,
"Life," the king!
They, together, take their
fling,
Bowling low to "life," the
king,
As before them dangles Pleas-
ure on a string!
And take it from me, you
may,
No matter what others may
say:
There is nowhere a street
That can meet, much less beat,
Beautiful, bad Broadway!



When the evening comes and
on Broadway the bril-
liant lights are lit,
And the crowds of men and
women pass along,
And you see the pretty faces and
you hear the flash of
wit,
As you make your way with
leisure through the
throng,
Then you feel that life's worth
living and is beautiful,
and it
Makes you yearn and burn for
women, wine and song!
Wine and song!
Yes, that yearning's very
strong
For the women, wine and
song,
And they're none the less en-
joyable if wrong!
So take it from me, I say;
No matter how others in-
veigh,
No street on the earth
Gives a quarter the mirth
Of beautiful, bad Broadway.

Oh, the theatres, the restaurants, that mark its brilliant
stretch
Down from Forty-second Street to Twenty-third!
Oh, the lovely girls, and jolly boys who love for them to
fetch
Flowers, bonbons, or devotion at a word!
Who can gaze at these unmoved? If there is such, he is a
wretch,
And it's may his voice in dolor e'er be heard!
E'er be heard!
May he forthwith be interred
Where in pain he'll e'er be heard—
That's a spot whose place is easily inferred!
And take it from me, he may,
This poor, unfortunate jay:
He'll discover down there
No place to compare
With beautiful, bad Broadway!

There the cars rush on, especially when they're required
to pause
By the would-be passengers for up or down;
There the snow in Winter gathers, and there, also, when
it thaws,
Does it many a dainty shoe-top try to drown;
There the gusty winds of Autumn shriek in fiendish glee
because
They imprint the shapely limbs beneath the gown!
Neath the gown!
Though the lovely owners frown
When the winds blow 'neath the gown,
It delights the naughty men around the town.
And take it from me, you may;
There's nowhere a finer display
Than Beauty's fair form
In the midst of a storm
On beautiful, bad Broadway!

But when Night is far advanced and comes the first ap-
proach of Dawn,
And respectable New Yorkers are in bed,
And belated men and women shuffle on, with features
drawn,
Looking yellow as to skin, and eyelids red,
If you watch their faces closely, as in weariness they
yawn,
Broadway's evil side is seen upon them spread,
On them spread.
Though when all is done and said,
Broadway's evil on them spread
Only tells us they were easily misled.
So take it, I plead and pray,
Though many may go astray,
There are many more still
With power of will
On beautiful, bad Broadway!

Oh, Broadway, bad yet beautiful, my chafed spirit
seeks
What it cannot have, now life is near its close!
All the ceaseless hum that fills thy length continually
speaks
Of the joys that Youth's gay spring-time only knows;
And although my rusty limbs at times the rheumatism
tweaks,
Yet a drop or two of young blood in me flows!
In me flows!
Though perhaps you'd scarce suppose
That much young blood in me flows
If you'd see my whirling whiskers when it blows!
Yet take it, you certainly may,
From one who is old and gray,
That there's nowhere a street
That can meet, much less beat,
Beautiful, bad Broadway!

WHO THEY ARE.

(See opposite page.)

1, Minnie Maddern Fiske (Sarony). 2, W. J. Le Moyne (Schloss). 3, Kate Claxton (Sarony). 4, John Jacob Astor (Prince). 5, Blanche Burton (Sarony). 6, Denman Thompson (Sarony). 7, Clay Clement (Thors). 8, Julia Arthur (Pach). 9, Rowland Buckstone (Sarony). 10, Paul Dresser (Sarony). 11, C. B. Hanford (Baker). 12, Joseph Jefferson (Pach). 13, Lillian Burkhardt Dickson (Sarony). 14, E. J. Dodson (Sarony). 15, Tom A. Wise (Rice). 16, Isabel Irving (Sarony). 17, Francis Carlyle (Sarony). 18, Sam T. Jack (Robinson & Roe). 19, Otis Skinner (Morrison). 20, May Buckley (Thors). 21, Nathaniel Hartwig (Morrison). 22, Alice Robbins (Sarony). 23, W. H. Crane (Falk). 24, Mme. Galski (Rockwood). 25, Hall Calne (Sarony). 26, Ellen Burg (Schloss). 27, Frank Daniels (Sarony). 28, Lydia Yeamans Titus (Sarony). 29, Ralph Thomas (Rice). 30, Elizabeth Tyree (Schloss). 31, Nahum Franko (Falk). 32, Madge Marple (Sarony). 33, Elsie de Wolfe (Eddowes). 34, Amelia Bingham (Schloss). 35, Fritz Williams (Sarony). 36, Odette Tyler (Pach). 37, Frank Worthing (Sarony). 38, Joseph Humphreys (Sarony). 39, W. H. Thompson (Sarony). 40, Courtney Thorpe (Sarony). 41, Sidney Drew (Sarony). 42, Fanny Bulkley (Rockwood). 43, Raymond Hitchcock (Eddowes). 44, W. J. Ferguson (Sarony).

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FOUR AND ONE-HALF INCHES OF BROADWAY FEET.
If you don't believe it, measure them yourself.

ANOMALOUS ANSWERS TO CONVULSIVE CORRESPONDENTS.

RHODA ROUNDCHIN, who says she is a chorus girl, wants to know if she ought to feel insulted because of a note she received the other night from a perfect stranger inviting her to supper at Shanley's. Rhoda need not worry. Her admirer's intentions are perfectly honorable. Shanley's lights burn for all.

SHAKESPEARE SMYTHE. No, we do not think you will be a success as a literary man. In the first place, your spelling needs overhauling and sapolioing, or something, for your offer to be a "co-respondent" to this magazine is probably not what you intended. However, if so, take next summer off at Narragansett Pier, and maybe you'll get what you want there.

HOTEL CORRIDOR. While we are always glad to impart information to those not as gifted as ourselves, we hardly feel called upon to explain in this column the meaning of the term "badger game." All we can tell you is that it is rather a dangerous sort of game to play. We are fayne to tell you moore, but space and other things forbid.

SOLOMON PALMSKY. If the man called you a blankity blank hound and a dirty scoundrel, and struck you in the mouth and jostled the seat of your pants with his left shoe, it seems to us that you certainly have cause for thinking he has taken a dislike to you. You might try the effect upon him of a soft answer. Offer him a glass of beer, for instance, with a dash of poison in it.

THEATRE USHER. We fear there is no redress for you. If, as you assert, you biffed Mr. Fansmield in the face for speaking harshly to you on account of the way you wore your cap in the theatre, the best place for you is undoubtedly some other theatre. Mr. Fansmield generally knows pretty well what he is about.

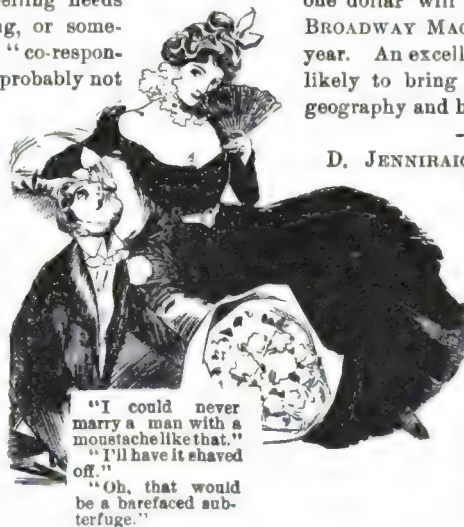
JOHN JONES AND SUE JONES. Yes, children, one dollar will secure for you the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for a whole year. An excellent investment, and likely to bring you more joy than geography and history.

D. JENNIRAIGHT. Your poems, "Passionate Pants," "Eventide Embraces," and "Oh, oh! An Ode to Legs," are declined with thanks.

UNFORTUNATE. You say you are troubled with hysteria and cannot help going off into spells of unceasing laughter. Our advice to

you is to go and see Fred Solomon act in comic opera. You will find it an invaluable antidote.

PANSIE PHLOWER. What, you want to know how to regain your husband's love and complain because you happened to see the housemaid sitting on his knees and kissing him rapturously? Why, Pansie, we're surprised. If you haven't sufficient confidence in your husband and deem him fickle because of a little thing like that, then you must be unworthy of him!



DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as
Beautifies the Skin.
No other cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haughton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and

Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS.
Proprietor.

37 Great Jones Street,
NEW YORK.



This is supposed to be very funny. It was sent us by a reader of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE in the South. Can anyone tell us what it's all about?

ARTISTS' PROOFS OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE FRONT PAGES.

Could there be anything more dashing, up-to-date or pictorially fascinating than a series of artists' proofs of the front pages of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE? Do you know what an artist's proof is? It is the original proof on fine wood cut paper, hand-pulled from the original cut from which the title page is printed.

We will send you an artist's proof of any BROADWAY MAGAZINE front page from June to January inclusive, fit for panels or framing, for twenty-five cents each, or a set of six for one dollar.

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When writing mention this Magazine.

THE REASON.

NURSE—I lost sight of the child, mum, and—

MOTHER—Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to an policeman?

NURSE—I wuz speaking to wun all the time, mum.

CATARRH GERMS KILLED

With Blanchard's Hard Rubber Pocket Inhaler and Catarrh Cure. Pleasant. Always Ready. Lasts for years.

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TOUPEES

HEPNER'S WIGS

**GREASE PAINTS
AND POWDERS**

Broadway Theatre Building
NEW YORK

97 Washington Street
CHICAGO



Mrs. DE FLIPPE—I hope Emma Rames will sing to-night.

Mr. DE F.—Why, I thought you didn't like her.

Mrs. DE F.—Well, you see, I want to show my ermine cape, and if Rames sings I will have an excuse for wearing it all the time.

LOCAL ITEMS OF THRILLING INTEREST.

The storm door in the Imperial Hotel is working overtime.

One of the cabmen at the foot of the Thirty-third street "L" station fell the other day and broke his rates. The passenger will recover.

Cable car No. XX22 ran into a wagon Thursday morning. No. XX23 is done up in bandages. The wagon was loaded with pig-iron.

Policeman No. 41144 at Twenty-third st., wore white gloves the other morning. Then he fell in the mud.

"Some Canals I have Built," is the title of the tract that will soon be distributed at the Rev. T. Platt's Fifth avenue Sunday school. The author is believed to be a young writer up the State named Allditch.

There is an addition to the Shauley family. It is another boy, his name is Dennis, and he weighs 190 pounds in a waiter's apron.

E. E. Rice has challenged Rudolph Aronson to write marches to a finish. Marshall P. Wilder will hold the watch.

Charles Delmonico cannot close up his lower Fifth avenue place. Joe Mora refuses to move.

The St. Cloud has a new elevator. This doesn't effect the price of meals.

There's a fence on Broadway, near Fourteenth street, and it's not built of pickets.

THE TATTLER.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.



A BACK NUMBER.

Edna Lyle, Ada Potter, Rosalie Welles, Maude Hoffman, Rosalie Knott, Gretchen Doerk, Leona Luke, and Miss Dixon. There's a rattling good story about an actress and her ménage. And there's an interesting article (with picture) about William R. Hearst, known pretty well as editor of the *New York Journal*. And there are Cuban beauties, and—and—well, it's only 10 cents to see what else.

OCTOBER.—October, sober—but not in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. No, jolly and merry. Look at the full-pages of Alice Judson, Maude King, Lola Hawthorne, Clara Betz (with story about her astonishing poses), Yolande Wallace, Catherine Linyard, Jennie Hawley, Hope Booth, Marie Tempest, Jessica Sheldon, Mabel Bouton, Josie DeWitt, Elizabeth Padgett. Astonishing editorials. Attractive cover. Price 10 cents.

NOVEMBER.—In this there are full-pages of Phyllis Young, Vashti Earl, Rosa Masso, Marie Celeste, Carrie Fulton, Marie Studholme, Imogene Comer, Mignon Haun, and Rose Lee Moyné. There are some striking theatrical posters by Archie Gunn and others. That very naughty farce "The Turtle" is written up and illustrated as no other magazine could do it. The story "When Passion Leads the Way" is full of power. You see, too, Weber's and Fields' faces, and also those of some well-known New York newspaper artists. Price 10 cents.

REMEMBER!

The above does not comprise everything. There are hosts of features that we can only refer to in the space allowed us. For instance, the "Tales of Broadway," one in each number, are great! And then there's the Red Soubrette's giddy gossip, to say nothing of the Man on Broadway's "Gin Fizzes and Things." As for Percival Pash's poems, say—well, the tongue is too full for utterance or something. And the Broadway Silhouettes, too. But we must stop, or we'll tell you everything. Copies sent postpaid for price named.

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A few copies of the sparkling December (Holiday) Number left. The crispest and most striking holiday magazine on the stands. 10 cents. Direct from publishers.

(The first number, April, is now out of print. The first number of no other monthly magazine was ever sold out as has been this issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.)

MAY.—Full page pictures of Helen Dupont, Lillian Russell, Marie Vallean, Gertrude Rivers, Mae Bradley, Gerome Edwardy, Merri Osborne, and Effie Shannon. Also a story about Archie Gunn and his work. Also a picture of Alan Dale. Also some brilliantly illustrated articles of general interest. Only a few copies left. Price 25 cents per copy.

JUNE.—Cover shows Anna Held looking devilish. Full page pictures of Zelma Rawlston, Ada Dare, Clarisse Agnew, Belle Harper, Dorothy Usner, Louise Hepner, Ursula Garnett, Louise Boucicault, Ada Rehan, Nella Bergen, and the Hengler Sisters. There's an illustrated article about the artist George B. Luks and his comical cartoons, and some of Aubrey Beardsley's weird works. A story about Greek costume. Four breezy French girls. Price 10 cents.

JULY.—This is the bathing season number and it makes you think of cool drinks and warm nights and lots of things pertaining to merry summer. Yes. The cover starts with two sweet young birdies in dazzling raiment. There are full page pictures of Beatie Carl, Paula Edwardes, La Liska the dancer, Felicia Baranca, Deyo, Nellie Sarony, Tetinia, Isabel Irving, Gladys Wallis, Nina Morris, A Little Bunch of Rice (very tasty, indeed; very tasty), Grace Heyer, Marie Halton, Della Pringle, Nellie Hawthorne, Edna May, and Madeline Bouton. Besides these attractions are a series of Reutlinger photographs of bathing girls and others, and some snapshots of Broadway habitués taken by Lee Harrison. Price 10 cents.

AUGUST.—On the red cover of the August number are Marguerite Sylva and Irene Vera who pose as roof-garden divinities. Inside are full pages showing Olga Harrison, Anna Belmont, Kathryn Osterman, Irene Vera, Helen Merrill, Helen Potter, Sadie Martinot, Katherine Foote (Lucille of that ilk), Camille Cleveland, Amélie Rives, Laura Williams (now Mrs. General Merritt), Edna Wallace Hopper, Madge Lessing, Rachel Ford, Maude Hollins, Princess Chimay (you've heard of her), Virginia Earle, Marie Jansen, and Belle Livingstone. August being a hot month, the magazine is proportionately—cool. But buy it and read for yourself. Price 10 cents.

SEPTEMBER.—Cute little E. W. Hopper is on the cover in blue ink and beauty. Inside is "Just a Little Dash of Black," a daguerrotype effect of a shapely lady. September has full-page portraits of Minnie Bridges, Gertrude Zella, Bessie Sutherland, Rose Coglian, Patrice, Fougère, Madge Lessing, Rachel Ford, Maude Hollins, Princess Chimay (you've heard of her), Virginia Earle, Marie Jansen, and Belle Livingstone. August being a hot month, the magazine is proportionately—cool. But buy it and read for yourself. Price 10 cents.

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the most unique, beautiful and satisfying monthly periodical on the news stands.

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The covers will, as in the past, strike the eye and rivet attention at once.

The footlights in all their varying phases will receive the fullest attention.

Its jokes in picture and point will amuse without instructing.

The Red Soubrette will continue to tell saucy truths in a saucy way.

"Tales of Broadway" will be continued from month to month.

The *Man on Broadway* will give his bright and exclusive gossip of the street.

Society as it exists—also as it does not exist—will be playfully handled by a man who doesn't know the difference between a swallow tail coat and a buffalo robe.

"BROADWAY MAGAZINE Caricatures" will be one of the entertaining pictorial features of the year. Great men, and men who think they are great, will be held up to the cruel gaze of the world, and their weaknesses and personal peculiarities will be pointed out by the sharp pen of our artists.

The half tone pictures in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for 1899 will be absolutely the strongest, brightest and most entertaining published. The arrangements heretofore referred to embody a breadth of illustration hitherto unknown in magazinedom. There will be no padding. Every page will tell. The commonplace and the uninteresting will be left to others. We will not try to settle the fate of the world, to upset the peace of nations or to make life miserable for any except those who see no gayety on this side of the grave. For these there will be war to the death.

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Photograph by Ogerau, Paris.

ARLINE VALMER, A WOMAN OF BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

She is one of France's best known burlesquers. Her costumes, which she designs herself, are generally marvels of beauty, and on them she is said to spend considerably more money than she receives in salary. Mdlle. Valmer is always one of the notable women at the big public balls in Paris, and the Paris papers devote much space to a discussion of herself and the coterie of Bohemians usually to be found in her wake. Some time ago Mdlle. Valmer posed for the picture reproduced on this page. The photographer entered it in an exhibition of professionals' pictures in Paris; it took second prize. The Paris correspondent of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE secured a print and here it is.



Photograph by Siebbing, Paris.

MARGUERITE BANNESTIER.

A pretty woman whose candid songs have brought her into public notice in Paris.

Mlle. Bannestier is considerably more than a mere singer of doggerel. She is an exceptionally clever actress who manages to infuse into her singing all the fervent ardor of a passionate woman rendering love ditties for the benefit of the man she adores. There is one song in particular which has caught the fancy of the boulevardiers. It is about a soldier who falls in love with a milkmaid. He meets her every evening under a spreading chestnut tree, or something of the kind, and the story tells how the soldier makes love while the moon shines and the stars wink encouragingly. It is an extremely engaging ditty, and altogether one of the prettiest bits heard in Paris for a long time. Strangely enough, it is also extremely proper.



Photograph by Ogerau, Paris

AMIE DU CLOS.

She is a beautiful model and the picture shown herewith is generally displayed in the Paris windows.

Amie du Clos is the type of French girl admired to an enthusiastic degree by your average Parisian. There is nothing of the unsophisticated about her. In fact, she is a very knowing young woman, as was shown when she wrote to the *Paris Matin*, a few weeks ago. In this open letter she scoured the people who for sometime had been writing to the press and calling attention to alleged immoralities of the professional models of Paris. So well was this diatribe written that other papers copied it from the *Mat'n* and in some cases made editorial mention of Mdlle. du Clos and her loyalty to the women of her class. All of which shows that artists' models are perfectly able to take care of themselves when it comes to a question of a gument.



Photograph by Nodars, Paris.

**LIANE DE POUGY, WHO IS COMING TO NEW YORK, AND ISABELLE REGINA,
ON THE STAGE OF THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.**

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This picture was taken by B. J. Falk in 1894.



This picture was taken by Sarony in 1895.

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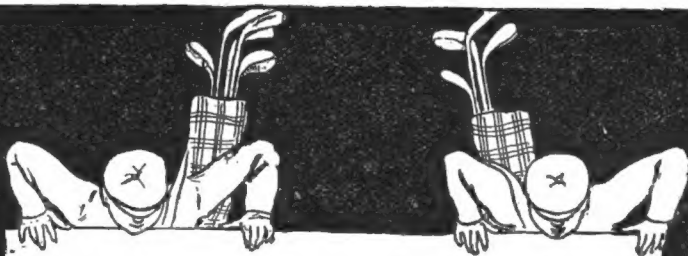
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